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We have reviewed in the briefest possible manner the modifications of old doctrine which this edition presents. Many minor points have remained unnoticed, and there has been practically no space for discussion and comment. Perhaps the foremost general impression produced by a comparison of new with old is that, while many changes have come about through various sources, scarcely any have arisen from the criticisms and attacks of others upon Wundtian theories. Wundt is influenced by new facts and by his own processes of reflection ; very little by the reactions of other minds upon his doctrine.

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Life in Mind and Conduct : Studies of Organic in Human Nature.

By HENRY MAUDSLEY. London, Macmillan & Co.; New York, The Macmillan Company. 1902.—pp. xv, 444.

Readers of this somewhat unusual volume will certainly not find its pages dull. If stirred in no other way, one will certainly be incited by the implied challenges which meet one at every step. In fact, the wealth of topics touched upon, the richness of material available for the author's use, the outspoken manner of treatment, and the general atmosphere of confidence, born, apparently, of mature reflection, conspire to give a quite unusual flavor to the volume as a whole. The reader may not endorse the general point of view adopted, and he may be wholly out of sympathy with many or all of the particular conclusions reached. Still, he must applaud the author constantly for seeing well when he looks, and for cleverly stating his shrewd observations. The book is made up of a series of thirty-nine essays, and, as the title suggests, these deal with varying phases of life as exhibited in individuals and in social groups. Organic Structure and Function, Social Atonement, The Ideal, Lies, War and Peace, Religion, Habit, Truth, Mental Culture, Love, Grief, Heredity, Genius, Crime, Pain, Death—these are representative topics from the Table of Contents. The avowed object of this book is "to exhibit the continuity of organic nature through all human functions—in fact, to adduce evidence for the development of life," with no thought, however, "of writing a methodical treatise nor of setting forth any system of doctrine." Modestly disclaiming for his writing any further novelty than that coming from accentuation and concurrence of material, the author appears everywhere as the genial philosopher of ripe years, surveying and interpreting the world of happenings in the light of settled convictions, wielding the instruments of thought that biology, psychology, ethics, and social science place at his disposal, and com-

menting at every point on the trend and inner significance of it all. In these respects one is reminded of Lotze. Indeed, we seem to have here before us a later *Microcosmus* in English garb.

Two points are of capital importance for the correct understanding of these essays. Though not closely articulated, though not systematically contributing to any single line of argumentation, they yet express a unified point of view to be found in the notion of 'organism.' In fact, this is the pass-word to the book. It matters not whether this organism be physical or social, its nature — its becoming — has been, and will be, determined by the processes of physical evolution. The philosophy, of which the resulting treatment is an outcome, is nowhere clearly enunciated. But chance remarks allow us to conjecture with slight risk of error that the writer is an advocate of "materialism, understood in its best sense." This point of view is consistently maintained throughout.

The second point concerns the temper of the author's mind. This may, perhaps, be characterized as a mild and sometimes genial cynicism. Regarding man as in the very nature of things victimized by illusions, as prone ever to exhibit a "colossal egotism," as necessarily believing and adoring monstrous absurdities and displaying at every point folly and short-sightedness, the author seems always — to paraphrase his own words — to embody the smiling and kindly contemptuous indulgence shown by old age to the enthusiasms and follies of youth, with a smilingly tolerant outlook on man's foibles, follies, frauds, vices, aberrations, aspirations, ambitions, and achievements. This, the author would have us think, is the only possible outcome of "viewing things calmly and at large in reason's light." Such is the spirit that pervades the book.

To pass now to more particular matters, Maudsley's psychology, springing as it does from the unbridled rioting of biological conceptions, often leaves much to be desired. One is forced to suspect that his information in this field has not undergone revision since the time of his former writings. For instance, we are told that psychology hopes one day to be *mathematical* (p. 9). Again, we are informed that psychology has been "compelled at last, after long and stubborn resistance, to admit the existence of unconscious mental processes" (p. 238). And finally, we are blandly reminded that, if we look the facts "fairly and squarely in the face," the truth must "leap to light," that the hope of knowing the mind's true nature and function "by the purely subjective method of introspection" must be "given up as exhausted, if not as barren" (p. 209). All this accords with

Maudsley's philosophy of mind. One is not always quite sure that one knows accurately what this is. There is often a baffling elusiveness in the terms employed, and, as is not seldom the case with certain writers across the channel, the words 'mental' and 'cerebral' are often hopelessly interchanged. When we can pin him down, however, we find the author stating that "in the order of nature mind is not something detached, proceeding not from it, independent of its laws, . . . it is itself nature in process of becoming" (p. 205). And again, "it is surely time to purge a vision dimmed with traditional prejudice and . . . to begin to see that the human mind is, and is to be studied as, a part of nature subject to its laws of cause and effect"; the obvious conclusion of which is, "that the study of mind ought to be prosecuted patiently by the objective method of scientific inquiry used in all the other sciences" (p. 208). Again, in complete accord with this, we are told that mind has extension in time and space (p. 229), thought being "invisible extension" (p. 238). In spite of the author's wide reading and shrewdly careful thinking in certain directions, he appears to have left untouched, or at any rate to have been untouched by, the critical writings of recent years, the just conclusions of which seem to render it impossible to make such utter confusion between 'conscious processes' and 'cerebral processes,' be the latter never so subtle, delicate, and refined. Scant wonder, then, that with these guiding thoughts the author's observation is sometimes distorted and his vision dimmed!

For Maudsley, then, man is wholly an organism. But what is more, he is a *physical* organism. 'The individual is . . . a physical variable' (p. 155). Thus it is that his follies and his destiny are determined. Our very language shows the truth of this view. For Maudsley, such terms as 're-member,' 'in-struct,' 'in-form,' 're-collect,' are used to denote mental facts not because of inherent descriptive difficulties, but because man in his language has unwittingly recognized the true mechanical nature of these processes.

If man is a part of nature,—and by nature is meant, apparently, the sum total of the processes of becoming displayed in the material world,—he must perforce exhibit those characteristics of imperfection which manifest themselves in any developing and progressing organism. Hence his unconquerable illusions. And the blame rests not with him, but with an ironical 'nature' and a bad inheritance.

Man's illusions are necessary. Nature needs them for her progress. They have their root in that "mighty conceit" man has of himself, leading to the "tremendous postulate" that the world was divinely

created for him and his uses. Thus in his "self-adoring egoism" he cherishes "the fast belief of an all-wise Providence," and believes in and frames theories of "the glorious freedom of the will and the dazzling sublimity of the moral sense." The very "lust of life" demands the continuance of such illusions. Man *must*, in truth, have ideals. For "to feign and believe themselves to be what they are not" is "the proper order of things" for human beings who are in the stream of a progressive development. Yet the irony of nature permits man only to grasp at, never actually to grasp, his ideals. This is nature's "spur to progress." And when the common illusions of life cease to be realities for man, he may bid good-bye to happiness and begin to suspect that the life of the race is on the wane. Viewing the facts "fairly and frankly," it appears that man is not "really the nobly rational and finely spiritual being which he is ever prone to picture himself." For the concrete man is more irrational than the animals; is wicked for the pure pleasure of it; slaughters for the mere lust and sport of killing; brutalizes himself by drink; drugs himself into stupefaction; makes of himself a glutton; and gratifies immoderately the lusts of the flesh. As such, the individual man presents no very pleasing spectacle. In fact, the single life has small value. It may at any moment be sacrificed for nature's good, that is, for the good of the social organism. Subordinates slain in battle are readily replaced. And the life of the commander "who wins a great victory and saves an empire" is "worth more than the lives of the thousands slain."

With all this in mind, it is not difficult to see what view Maudsley must take of the *social* man of whom a certain *conduct* is demanded. With self-love as the basis of every being, and self-interest as the fundamental motive of conduct, and with the counter claims of society pressing upon him, man's moral problem becomes that of finding "the just mean between his personal rights and the duty-claims of the society to which he belongs—to reconcile individuality with solidarity, egoism with altruism." "To walk warily in the mean is true wisdom of conduct." Nature has made man neither angel nor brute, but something between the two. To incline overmuch towards either works therefore to his injury. Society, too, has its ideals. Indeed, conscience is only the social voice speaking through the individual. And seeing what society demands and approves, man is led into hypocrisies, lies, and affectations. These have their values. They express the recognition of an ideal, and by his very feigning to be what he is not, man is helped towards that which he would seem

to be. The ends of the social organism demand also that the weak and wretched — “the impracticables” — be eliminated from its midst, though no drastic measures for so doing are suggested. The best interests of ‘nature’ require, accordingly, a course of conduct far removed from that demanded by ideals of brotherly love and its attendant self-sacrifices. Even devil’s work is sometimes needed. “There are times and circumstances when what the world wants is not the good man who is meek, modest, and tenderly scrupulous, but the strong man who is coarse, bold, and fiercely unscrupulous.” He is the only one who in properly violent manner can expel the accumulated corruptions which from time to time threaten the social life.

To the calm and dispassionate view of a Maudsley, therefore, life’s happenings are right only when, in nature’s mechanical way, they contribute to nature’s betterment. For this reason, man’s hopes and aspirations and beliefs may be commended unhesitatingly — though with half a smile of pity for deluded mortals — because, though mere fatuous illusions after all, they are spurs to conduct which make mightily for nature’s advantage. All standards and values are set by the organism. When, therefore, the function of the individual life has been fulfilled in the service of the organism, the time for its end has come. Death is the close of the drama. The hopes and terrors of the beyond are but phases of man’s illusions. His hopes are but “the natural cry of individual egoism,” which may find soothing cheer in the reflection that his works, good or ill, will live eternally in their human effects. Belief in a personal immortality, baseless illusion as it is, is but an expression of the self-conservative instinct — “the instinct of organic life, while it is in being, to continue to be.”

If these reflections prove disheartening, have religion or philosophy their soothing consolations? Hardly consolations. For religion, which to Maudsley is “morality infused with elemental feeling and suffused with awe,” is directed towards such a cheerless unknowable — the unfathomable, mysterious immensity around one — that little help can come from it. In fact, the sole function of religion is to “impel the process of humanization on earth,” the cessation of such impulsion, the dying of the illusions in the cherishing of which man is inspired to live and strive, being entirely conceivable, and the thought being near at hand that when these die the race of mortals may pass away also. Philosophy, however, may step in and do much service. Not, indeed, a speculative philosophy, which joys in magniloquence because its “turgid verbiages afford the ease of ample discharge to turmoil of feeling,” but that sound practical wisdom which faces the

situation fairly and frankly, and, with the pugnacious confidence of an abounding vitality, resolves to play the game well and without grumbling, striving always to make of life a work of art, and remembering that not he who knows most and thinks most is happiest, but rather he that *lives* most. The prosaic conclusion of good sense is, we are told, "that as everybody has to play the part set for him by nature and circumstances in a drama of mixed tragedy and comedy, of which he neither knows the beginning nor can foresee the end, and has done with it and is himself done with when his part is played, he ought not to take himself and the business too seriously, but should make up his mind quietly to act it to the best of his ability with all the goodwill and good humor he can command. Bad humor or overmuch self-consciousness will only fret and hurt himself and spoil the play," as will also too much insistence upon austere duty and that unbalanced view which regards ideals as patterns to which actual conduct may conform.

To criticize the underlying philosophy of this book is not the purpose of this review. Such criticism would itself be largely the expression of another system of philosophic opinion. Nor can any review pretend to do adequate justice to the many-sided aspects of the author's reflections, to the vigor and incisiveness of his thought and statement, and to his unflinching utterance of the truth as he sees it. As a thoroughgoing and consistent application of the naturalistic point of view to the manifold facts of life, the volume is to be heartily welcomed and commended. Every one who loves to reflect upon life should dip into its pages. The cynically inclined will find there much to please him, the cut-and-dried idealist will be irritated at every turn, and only he who does no thinking at all will remain cold and untouched.

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Development and Evolution. By JAMES MARK BALDWIN. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1902.—pp. xvi, 395.

The theory of evolution enjoys the unique distinction of being at once the most important and the most ambiguous of modern scientific hypotheses. To doubt that slow ancestral evolution is in some way responsible for the various forms of organic life which we see about us, has long been to put oneself outside the pale of conventional scientific respectability. But when the interested inquirer seeks for some precise account of the manner in which organisms undergo modifications in their structure, and much more when he attempts to ascertain the